Through Your Eyes

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Through Your Eyes

by Sparcina

Summary

Will claims they fell. Hannibal says he was pushed. Sex ensues.

Notes

I dedicate this short story to emungere, as a thank you to an enthralling author who had written some of the most compelling and wondrous Hannigram ever. Emungere, you are a remarkable writer!

Through Your Eyes

Hannibal was so bloody calm as he poured tea in two porcelain cups decorated with ruby stones.

“I’m only stating the obvious. You pushed me, Will.”

“You fell.”

Will had spoken between clenched teeth. He always tried not to raise his voice in the presence of their daughter, a three-year-old wildling they had saved from the cold Lithuanian winter and adopted one year ago. He loved the little girl with half his heart, the other beating part devoted to Hannibal Lecter, the Chesapeake Ripper and his accomplice in crime. There were nevertheless days, like today, when his love for the man was tempered down by such an insufferable display of pride and indifference.

“This tea should be to your taste.” After a last artistic twirl of silver spoon, Hannibal handed him the delicate cup.

Will accepted the red tea with a minute nod and directed a smile at their daughter, who was following their exchange with great interest, before going back to his scowl. “You *fell*, Hannibal. Or, if you prefer, you tripped over your own ego.” And on those words, he brought the cup to his lips.

A first sip of the red tea did unspeakable things to his palate, but he was not in the mood to compliment its maker. The scrambled eggs, complete with savory meat from their latest kill, a pedophile from the metropolis nearby, had received the same silent treatment earlier. Will had yet to touch his fork, even though his stomach kept encouraging him.

Their daughter picked up a piece of cooked child-molester and gulped it down with clear delight. She looked so happy that even Hannibal didn’t comment her poor table manners. He had certainly done so with Will, repetitively showing him the correct way to sit and the order in which everything should be handed, before fucking him as many times amongst the discarded cutlery.

Hannibal’s gaze flickered to Will, the maroon eyes perfectly steady, quite unlike the raging storm of the blue.

“You took me unaware, at my most vulnerable.” He arched an eyebrow, defying Will to contradict the truth of that statement, while slowly stroking the handle of his cup. The rubies gleamed in the pale light of dawn coming through the high windows. “You even surprised yourself.”

Will’s smile didn’t reach his eyes. “How can I have been surprised when I had planned it all?”

“You didn’t plan for us to survive the fall.”

“But we did,” Will replied sternly, clutching the porcelain cup with too much strength, and too little awareness. “That was your plan, for us to survive whatever I did.”

The maroon eyes turned afire. The tiniest crack appeared in Hannibal’s composure. Anger. Like the first breach in a dam, it let through a foretaste of the power behind.

“Are you unsatisfied with our lives, Will?”

Our lives. Will’s grip on the cup hardened. He wondered if he would ever consider something 'his' again; 'their' contented him more than the individual possessive could ever do.

“I am pleased with the here and now, Hannibal. It’s just…”

“Yet you refuse to acknowledge my role in setting our righteous table.”

The cup shattered in Will’s hand, sending shards of blood-tainted porcelain in every direction. Will didn’t even bother acknowledging the pain as he rose, sending the chair crashing against the wall.

“That’s exactly what I’m talking about,” he said in a voice so low it would have been a scream had their daughter not been in the same room, eyes wide open at the clamor caused by the chair. “You refuse to see that I had to… that you fell too, that…” Will swayed, breathing hard, eyes too wide as he stared at his palm, blossoming with the red ink of long-repressed anger.

“Will.”

Hannibal had rounded the table in the same swiftness he killed. His intent, as he reached for Will’s shoulders and pulled him into his arms, was not to draw wounds, but to close one.

“This argument isn’t about whether or not you pushed me that day on the cliff so we would both fall.” Hannibal stroked his cheek with his thumb, possessive tenderness effusing from his eyes. “You wish to remind me that I pushed you to your limits, so that you couldn’t live without me. Part of you still faults me for the vulnerability I brought forth in you and nurtured.”

Will’s breath itched. His eyes jerked to the meat on his abandoned plate.

He had changed over the last year, killing for Hannibal, killing with him, and eating the flesh of the undeserving. It was a habit now to kill, to have grown a backbone. It was the result of loving a cannibal.

Will’s heart squeezed painfully in his chest. He couldn’t bring himself to regret anything, especially in this room, with his daughter so ridiculously happy and Hannibal directing the whole of his fantastic attention towards him. This was his family. He was loved, albeit in a way he could never have predicted. He should feel guilty, that his joy was built over so many corpses he had helped create, but he was only a sinner amongst others.

His right hand twitched. “You might be right.”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Doesn’t it?”

“Will…” In the kitchen, their daughter babbled to herself, quite happy with the replies of her imaginary friends. “I may have pushed you, but *you* pushed me over the edge as well, by being who you are…” Hannibal’s voice dropped to a whisper. “And I, too, find myself quite unwilling to part with you.”

There were no tears on Will’s cheeks, no sorrow to taste with salt to enhance it, but Hannibal’s nostrils flared all the same. Will’s stomach clenched further, but for other reasons entirely. When Hannibal brought the injured hand to his lips and closed them over a first digit, Will tried to remember how to breathe. The man’s effect on him had remained as powerful as the first day.

"You enjoy it *so* much to make me angry," Will said, looking everywhere except at Hannibal's burning eyes.

The maroon gaze was relentless. A warm, firm hand found Will's shoulder.

"I may relish those displays of emotions you so intensely provide, but I’ve never wished for anything but your happiness. Come with me.”

“But she…”

“Our daughter is quite happy with the meal she just had,” Hannibal completed for him, with no humbleness whatsoever. “She can stay alone for a little while.”

And indeed she could, for she didn’t cry out for them, not when Hannibal took his time licking every finger coated with blood, nor when he disinfected and bandaged the sensitive hand. By the time he was done undressing Will, the other man was no longer concerned that their daughter could be worried, or worse, bored.

“I’m not sorry… you fell,” Will panted, his insides ignited under the smallest touch of Hannibal’s deft fingers. “You… deserved it.”

“I deserved you, William.”

“Oh my God, Hannibal…”

His lover had a way with words. His accent, thicker when the man was aroused, only conferred more potency to his generally dazzling effect. “I wish I could see through… your eyes.”

Hannibal’s lips were tracing the scar on his stomach, the mark he had given him as a sign of possession. Will had grown quite fond of it.

“I wish I could see… what you see in me.”

“You would see amazement and wonder, and the will to kill anyone who dared touch you.” At the moan that left Will’s chest, Hannibal sank his nails in his flanks and bit him lightly on the inside of his thigh. “There is no one else for you but me, for without you I fail to see beauty.”

Lust and love mingled into Will’s eyes, swarming into his black pupils until they ate away at the blue irises too clear to hold what he truly felt.

“Indeed.”

He reversed their positions in one fluid motion and grabbed Hannibal’s muscled tights. He had come to understand the need of his lover to devour him; that was how he felt now, hungry and insatiable, every part of him aching to slide against every part of Hannibal. His throat felt like sandpaper, with only Hannibal’s seed to quench the thirst.

He bent his head and took the hard cock into his mouth, hollowing his cheeks to get as much of it as fast as possible. If Hannibal wanted him to improve his finesse, it would have to be another day.

It took some time, but eventually Will coaxed small noises from Hannibal. He fed on them too, on the power that spread into his bloodstream. He experienced every sensation Hannibal experienced, and it was too much, and not enough, because there was still so much distance between them.

When he finally impaled himself on Hannibal, in one hard thrust that would let him blissfully sore and aware the next morning, he squeezed his eyes shut not to come on the spot. His empathy was an accelerant to the flames Hannibal embodied.

“Will…”

Hannibal’s eyes had gone completely black, too. Raw pleasure was etched on his patrician features, cracks on a mask too long worn. As Will began to move over him, up and down, painfully slowly, he caught his hands and interlaced their fingers. The intensity in his gaze let Will believe that he, too, could feel the overwhelming cocktail of their combined emotions.

In the end, they both fell towards each other, and it only took one push.

AN: The ruby stones on the cups are a nod to 'Taken for Rubies', an amazing fic by emungere :)

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